

depth of character and more freshness of feeling' than were commonly attributed to him. Of this phase of his art we saw something in *Contarini*, and we shall see more in *Coningsby* ; but it is in *Venetia* that we find it in its perfect expression. Disraeli has written nothing more pleasing than those early chapters, in which the child *Venetia* is growing up by her mother's side, in happy ignorance of her father, and with the strangely contrasted but ever affectionate Plantagenet as her constant companion ; and the story of the subsequent awakening, in spite of all her mother's precautions, of love and admiration for the unknown and banished father, and of the development of these sentiments into an intense and overmastering passion, is told with power and pathos. Even when Disraeli, greatly daring, tries to write verses for both Byron and Shelley, he is happiest when his subject is a father's love ; for nowhere perhaps has he come nearer to real poetry than in the lines written by Herbert ' On the night our daughter was born.'

Of the secondary characters the most interesting and attractive are George Cadurcis, the cousin of the poet, in whom is well exemplified the truth of a maxim that comes strangely from Disraeli, 'Though we are most of us the creatures of affectation, simplicity has a great charm'; and the good Dr. Masham, in whom we have a first-rate picture of the 'regular orthodox divine of the eighteenth century' —

With, a large cauliflower wig, shovel hat, and huge knee-buckles, barely covered by Ms top-boots; learned, jovial, humorous, and somewhat courtly; truly pious, but not enthusiastic; not forgetful of his tithes, but generous and charitable when they were once paid; never neglecting the sick, yet occasionally following a fox; a fine scholar, an active magistrate, and a good shot; dreading the Pope, and hating the Presbyterians.

' I fear,' Disraeli wrote to Pyne on the eve of publication, * my book bears marks of the turbulence of the last two